CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN. BY JOHL PURNS.

When he hay was mown, Maggie,
In the years long age,
And while the western sky was sich
With sunset's resy glow,
Then hand in hand close-linked we passed
The dewy ricks between,
And I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Your vulce was low and sweet, Maggie Your wavy half was frown;
Tour cheek was like the wild red rose
That showered its petals down,
Your eyes were like the blue speedwell,
With dee v moleture's sheen,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag.
And you were seventees.

The apring was in our hearts. Maggie, And all its hopes were ours: And we were children in the fields, Among the opening flowers. Aye: life was like a summer day Amid the woodlands reer. For t was one-and-twenty, Mag. And you were seventeen.

The years have come and gone, Maggie, With sombine and with shade;
And affvered is the silken that:
That o'er your shoulders strayed in many a soft and wayward tress—The fairest ever seen— The fairest ever seen -When I was one-and-twenty, Mag, And you were seventeen.

Though gentle changing time, Maggie, Has toucked you in his flight;
Your voice has still the old aweet tone,
Your eye the out love-light.
And years can never, never change
The heart you gave. I ween,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you we e seventeen

"A GOOD FELLOW !"

"That desire to please every one will get you into constant trouble," said Mr. Wilmont to his son Lesley. "Be as obliging and unselfish as you choose, but do not yield to every request. You are quite as ready to aid a friend in doing wrong as to help him to do right. His inclinations govern you."

"I don't like to disoblige my friends," said Lesley, coloring. "We've got some of those disabliging fellows at school, sir. The other boys just hate them, and give them all kinds of nicknames. I would give up my own wishes any day for a friend.

Wishes,--yes! But what do you say about principle? Is that to be given up? Rather than say 'no,' Lesley, I fear you would almost consent to aid in burglary or in counterfeiting to please a

'Oh, I hope not, sir!" said Lesley,

laughing uneasily.
"But I fear it; I fear it. If I could only make you understand that a firm 'no,' in the right place, would not only insure you respect, but give you real friends of a better order than your present associates, I should have some hope of you. You remind me of the fable of 'the hare and many friends. Take care, Lesley, that when you need help, they do not one and all desert

Lesley went out of the room thinking that his father's judgment was harsh. "There's not a more popular fellow at school than I am," he thought, as he walked to school. "The boys come to me whenever they want help, and they say they'd do anything in the world for me. Father's angry because I went with Charles Warner fi-hing yesterday, and didn't know my algebra lesson. None of the other boys would go, and he's such a good fellew I couldn't disappoint him. Where's Fred. Moore going,

wonder? "Halloo, Lesley! What are you marching along there as grave as a judge for? You're not bound for school now? Why, it's an hour too soon. Come, go with me to Ed. Hampton's and see the new pony he bought yesterday. brags about the animal, and I'il bet it's some spavined old beast the horse-trader has palmed off on him. Ed. doesn'tknow any more about a horse than that old

"I'd like to go, but father's been finding fault with me this morning about my lessons. Mr. Turner has been complaining, and it won't do for me to miss my lessons to-day."
"Nonsense! We've an hour, and per-

haps more, before school opens. It isn't a quarter of a mile across lots to Ed's. We can ron there, take a look at the pony, and be back before old Turner has eaten his breakfat. Any of the fellows would have gone with me, but I'd his paces. rather have you. You're the best fellow in school, and know as much about horses as I do."

Fred. Moore looked very much like a jockey (a character he much affected) as he stood there, his short legs far apart, his cap on one side of his head, and his hands in his pockets. Now Lesley knew that Fred. Moore

was as idle a boy as there was in school, and far beneath him in scholarship, but companion, with a good deal of horse knowledge. So, after a little besitation, he set off with Moore to take a look at Ed. Hampton's newly-bought pony. Ed. was delighted to show his pur-

chase. Moore, with head twisted on one side, walked around the horse whistling He did not say a word during his examination of the animal's different points. This was what his favorite horse-jockey always did. Then he lighted a cigar and smoked furiously for a few seconds, still silent.

"What do you think of him, Moore?" asked Ed., anxiously; for Fred. Moore's knowledge of horses was proverbial among the boys.

"Well, he's got three white feet," said the oracle. "What have the feet to do with it?"

asked Ed., getting angry.
"What! did you never hear the old saying, 'One white foot, buy him: two white feet, try him; three white feet, deny him'? That is, let him alone, you know, for he i-n't worth buying." "I don't believe a word of the non-

you're careful." He did not add, that not having been careful a few hon's before, he had been tossed into a muddy ditch by the "spirited" horse, and that his bones still ached from the tumble.

"Suppose you take a canter on him. he continued. "He lopes splendidly." "Dare say When a chestnut pony

does lope, he's A No. 1 at it, I can tell

does lope, he's A No. 1 at it, I can tell you. I'm not fixed for riding to-day, but here's Lesley. Rides every hit as well as I, and is lighter weight besides."

Fred. Moore, who did know a little about horses, did not quite like the vicious, sidelong looks from the chestnut's eyes. But he said nothing of this. Lesley had the strongest inclination to refuse, for he knew he was not a good rider; but Moore was determined to see der; but Moore was determined to see

said, with truth, that he felt quite sick, and that he motion of the horse would make him worse,

"Surely you're ret going to be dis-obliging, Lesley?" Moore said. "I never knew you to say 'no' to a friend before, especially to such a slight re-quest as a canter round the yard on a nice pony."

Lesley yielded. There was nothing

like cowardice in his composition, but he was not free from uneasiness mounting the animal.

The chestnut stood still while he mounted, but watched him with a gleam in his eyes which did not put him at all at his ease. The horse went off quickly, however, and Lesley was just reginning to enjoy the motion, when, inadvertently, he pressed his heel on the pony's flank. In a second the animal stood bolt upright, and then brought his fore-f et down with a violent thud which jerked the reins out of Lesley's hand, and pitched him forward, so that he clutched the horse's neck to save himself from falling.

Then began such rearing and plung-ing, such mad jerks and wild leaps, that Lesley, dizzy and weak, began to that his last hour was at hand. His grasp on the animal's neck was growing weaker, and he could not much retain his place. The horse now began a frantic gallop round the yard, and Ed., terrified at this unexpected performance, threw up his arms to

At this the horse swerved aside and sprung at some high palings, caught his hoofs in them, and crashed over on the other side.

Fortunately for Lesley he fell clear of the animal, and though the blow stunned him for a moment, he quickly sat up, feeling very faint and in much pain. But even dizzy as he was, it seemed strange to him that Ed. and Moore, after a b-ief glance at him, devoted themselves to getting up the pony, seeming hardly to care whether he was hurt or

The pony was rubbed and commiserated, and there was an animated dis-cussion as to who should be employed to attend him. The only words Ed. bestowed upon Lesley were,-

What on earth did you drop the reins and hold on to the pony's neck for? You've given him a scare he'll never get You've come near killing the horse, and I'm not especially obliged to you for it.'

Lesley was indignant. He struggled to his feet and cried out, as he limped

It doesn't matter whether I've been killed or not, I suppose. O no! I think I know now what your pretended friendship is worth. I was a fool to come

He realized this a thousand times over before he reached the school-house. The that he was intoxicated until the ropes scholars were in their seats, and he was obliged to conceal all expression of pain when every bone in his body was aching. He felt bruised from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. With a father, to whom he went in his relocations. pale face he went haltingly through his and confessed the whole. It was a lesson lessons, knowing it would never do to excuse himself from recitation on the

Moore's ludicrous pictures of the misfortunes of some of his companions. A talent for ridicule was the only one that young gentleman possessed, and he did not allow it to rust.

When recess came, and the boys trooped into the play-ground, Lesley remained at his desk. He said he had a headache, which was certainly true. His head was very painful, but the duil, heavy weight at his heart was worse.

As he sat there he heard the boys talkng and laughing outside, and knew reached him, for the window was open.
"It was rich, boys," said Fred.'s loud

voice. "You can coax him to anything. No ratching me in that snap. The minbless you, the soft head was just there! We put Les. on the chestnut to show off

"Ha, ha! I reckon he went more paces in few minutes than he ever dreamed of! He just hung to the pony's neck like a bag of wool. You should have seen his face; it was as white as a took the palings, and we saw Lesley's heels fly into the air, and that was the last ti I he landed head-foremost. It was Laughter follow d, and Lesley half-

rose, with the intention of inflicting summary chastisement upon the mocking speaker; but his aching head and limbs forbade the attempt. In fact, before school was out, he was compelled to ask permission to return home. Of course he said nothing to his father about the cause of his headache, but quietly went to bed, and bore the pain of his bruises as best he could. He was

father laughingly said,-"Well, Lesley, can you make the rule of pleasing work both ways - satisfy your friends and fulfill your duties too? Lesley answered rather savagely, isn't worth while to please friends, sir. I don't believe there is such a thing as a true friend."

"Certainly one is never gained by a sacrifice of right, my son. Distrust all

Now one would naturally suppose that this lesson of the pony would not be forgotten by Lesley. I am sorry to "D," for "Danny," on the top. I like say that he thrashed Fred. Moore at the little puddings with D's on top. I like sense!" cried Ed., getting very much excited at these disparaging remarks. "He's sound, and spirited, too. but there isn't a bit of harm in him—if the obnoxious word 'no'so long as his found no difficulty, either, in uttering in the long box. I guess Aunt Agnes the obnoxious word 'no' so long as his put her there, 'cau-e she put all the

old way. There was to be a balloon ascension near the town, and the whole country was in a ferment. To add to the excitement, James Curran, one of Mr. Turner's school-boys, was to accompany Prof. Mayder (as he called himself) in

the ascent. Curran had no fat er to control him, and his mother had unavailingly tried to dissuade him from the perllous undertaking. He was, however, a vain, weak fellow, with a thirst for notoriety, and foolishly thought he would be a hero if he showed pluck enough for a balloon ascension. But after a while Curran got nervous and abstracted, and was unwilling to talk on the subject. The night before the day appointed for real.

"I don't care to ride to-day," he said:
"I de to the sacent, he put his arm through Lesley's, and said.
"Come, Lesley, let's walk down to the pond. I've got something I want to say to you."

But Ed. had no idea of doing that. He was a benign, fatherly-looking man with a allege white heard flowing man with a allege white heard flowing.

But when they had reached the pond he did not seem to find it easy to speak At last, with an effort, he said,—

promise?"

Lesley promised. "You know I have agreed to go up in that ballo n. I wish the old thing would burst before I go, though! Not that I'n really afraid, you know,—but then, I can't help feeling a little queer." "Give it up," said Lesley. "Father says it's a foolish risk to run, just for nothing. Only a love of science would justify any one in doing it."

"I can't give it up. I'm pledged to go, and everybody would say I was a coward if I should back out. You're my true friend, Lesley, are you not?" Lesley said yes, wondering what it meant.

"Then you must keep me from getting scared, or looking scared, and being the laugh of the town. I must have a bottle of whisky, for a drink or two of that would steady my nerves. I don't dare to get it myself, for they would know I bought it to keep my courage up, and talk about it, and I can't trust the other boys. You get whisky sometimes for old Uncle Scrip's bitters, and they'd think t was for that."

"Don't shake your head, Lesley, say no. Here's the money,—and if you don't help me I'll just disgrace myself, and you'll be the cause of it. You say you're my friend, and now I know you'll prove it.

Lesley at last consented. That nghti the whisky was purchased, and hidden by Curran in a safe place. The next day it was late before Le

ley found himself on the crowded grounds where the balloon a cension was to take place. They were cutting the ropes when he got there. A loud, shrill voice, which he recognized as Curran's, was singing in an exciting manner,—

"Here we go,—up, and up, and up!"

"He's drunk!" "It's a shame!"

"Somebody ought to take him out!"

The man ought to be horse-whipped!" were the mixed cries which met Lesley's ears as he pressed through the excited crowd.

The balloon was raising, but cries were distinctly heard from it, and a struggle evidently going on within it. A figure sprung up on the edge of the car, threw up its arms, tottered, lost its balance, and fell almost into the sea of upturned faces,-a human figure when its downward course began, a shapeless, gory mass after it struck the earth. Prof. Mayder afterwards said that the poor drunken boy had tried to dance on

the edge of the car, he not being aware were cut. No one suspected but that Curran

that was never forgotten.

A Sharp Voice.

A Sharp Voice.

The following selection is from Elihu
Burritt's book just published: There
is no power of love so hard to get and
repress a burst of laughter. Lesley knew
well what it meant, and remembered
how often he had himself enjoyed
Moore's ludicrous picture. heart, and do it with a soft touch. But needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get as soon as he saw his visitor was a and keep it in the right tone. One must stranger. He had hoped to find a restart in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a what they were laughing at. In fact, whip. When one of them gets vexed part of Fred. Moore's conversation you will hear a voice that sounds as if it you will hear a voice that sounds as if it dot was vat you vas zay mit me.' were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more illwill in the tone than in the wo ds. It ute I saw that hog-eyed brute, I said to is often in mirth that one gets a voice or myself, 'A softer head than mine has a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him got to back you, my fine fellow.' But, through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the joys of home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they racet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests, and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls, Use your guest voice at heet. He just choked the horse he home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl held him so tight, and there he was of great price, for it will be worth more bumping up and down. Well, the pony | to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a joy like a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is even from his lips it was agreeable to better than any play I ever saw. He to the eye. It is a light that sings as know that he was considered a pleasant knows something about a horse now." well as shines. Train it to swert tones now, and it will keep in tune through

Little Danny and his Dead Mother.

[New Orleans Picayque.] I've just been down in the parlor to mamma. She's in a long box, with flowers on her. I wish she'd come and bathe my head—it aches so. Nobody ever makes it feel good but mamma. She knew how it hurt me, and she used rather pale the next day, and when his to read to me out of a little book how my head would get well and not ache any more some day. Nobody likes me but mamma. That's 'cause I've got a sick head. Mamma used to take me in her aims and cry. When I asked her what's the matter she would say, "I'm only tired, darling." I guess Aunt Agnes made her tired, for when she came and stayed all day mamma would take me up ia the evening on her lap and cry awful hard. I ain't had any dinner toto sit in my little chair by the fire and eat 'em. I wish mamma wouldn't stay the obnoxious word 'no' so long as the relations with the boys continued so cool; but a natural defect, or weakness, cool; but a natural defect, or weakness, everybody. There ain't any fire in grate, but I guess I'll sit by it and grate, but I guess I'll sit by it and grate. flower trimmings on and shows her port, and believe there is. I'll get my living generally and spoon and play I've got a dia: Mental and with D for Danny on it. But knyway I want mamma se bad.

was asked one day how it happened that, considering the good example supposed to be set before them, so many ministers' sons should turn out ne'er-dowells. "That's easily accounted for," said the divine. "You see the deevil kens he canna get baud o' the geese, so he just maks grab amang the gaislins!" "You geet no drust in desc hause. De durems yas de minst bevorehand. A PLAIN-SPEARING country minister

A JEWELES in the Paris Exposition shows a necklace which purports to be a mixture of true pearls and false, and challenges anybody to single out the

He was a benign, fatherly-looking man, with a silken white beard flowing about his breast. There was a gentle "I'm going to tell you something, but promise me you won't divulge it. I trust you because I know you'll keep your word,—and I believe you'll help me. You're the only boy in the world I would ask such a favor of. Will you promise?"

dignity in his manner and a majestic something about his walk that attracted the second look from all who met him. Age had ast lightly upon his shoulders, and care had dimmed not the brightness of an eye that could enchain, yet hold at arm's length. He carried his head erect slightly thrown had dignity in his manner and a majestic with a slow, steady tread, planting his feet firmly. He was a clo e, keen observer, and frequently paused to examine in detail objects of more than passing interest. He halted suddenly in front of a showy placard in the window of a cheap restaurant. It read thus:

> TRY OUR DINNER. Soup and Two Kinds of Mest BUT FOR 20 CENTS, WE

The o'd gentleman gazed at the sign for a minute or two, and dropped into abstracted thought, expressing himself

"Try our diener," he mused, "that's hearty, and I'd like to see anybody sling more hospitality into three words than you get right there. Talk like that takes right hold of a man by both hands and says, 'I'm glad to see you; step in and we'll try to make it pleasant for you.' Soup and two lands of meat,' eh? Well, if that wouldn't make a hungry man wipe his chops and think of home I should like to know what would. It starts off right too, and it winds up well Soup is always my starter when I want a dinner that'll put Christianity into me. While the waiter's gone to fetch it a man has time to go through the bill of fare on a walk and pick out the very cream of the kitchen. Two kinds of meat is enough, and enough is a feast wherever you find it. And all for twenty cents! Talk about hard-panthis man digs clear down below it, and covers his sign all over with 'Bene-

factor,' though he don't say it in so many words. He's a man with a soul, incapable of a mercenary thought, and ought to be encouraged. The public should testify its appreciation and back up the philanthropist wherever it finds him. I will represent the public and stimulate this unselfish publican with a smile or two of approval. It will gratify him, and perhaps add another handful of beans to the soup," and so saying the man crossed the hospitable threshold, and was mo-tioned toward a table by a sallow-faced

waiter. "I want to see the proprietor himself," he said, poising against the counter. "Have him step this way, if you please," "He is busy in the kitchen, sir, sawing

up the meat," said the waiter. "Well, he can step this way a minute, I reckon, when he hears it's a little busiless matter."

"Is it a-a-bill?" "Oh, no, my dear sir-no bill." Was it to get an advertisement, sir, you wanted to see him? I don't think it will do any good.

Clear out and bring in the old man. want to pay him a tribute," said the

And sure enough he was. He was a mit to the indignity of blowing it till beefy man, with as face very red and sweaty. He came forward with a bright capturers. When the work of plunder there is no one thing that love so much sweaty. He came forward with a bright morseful and penitent soaker who had scooped him out of three weeks' board.

You are the proprietor here, I presume ? "Yaw-dot so." "You extend a general invitation to the public to try your dinner?" "I pud oud mine zine for dem beople

to haff zoom tinners for dwenty zends, if "Yes, just so. And you commence that sign with soup. May I inquire if onions comprise one of the staples in the compound ?"

'Mine Cot! Vat vas dem dings?" "Do you put onions in the soup ?" "I vas haff me two kints. In vun vas vix onione und carlic, but dot unter kint I vas make stdraight for dese 'Merican beoples.'

You also stipulate two kinds of meat May I inquire of what they consist?"
"Twenty zends," said the boss, stooping to m p his streaming face on the corner of a table-cloth.

"No-no. What kind of meat have 'Cow und porick."

"I suppose you garnish with mint?"
"Nixverstday."
"Of course the board is embellished with vegetables, fruits and berries in

season? "Der zoup vas goot-I like him minez-lf." " Never mind the soup-we've passe

that. Of course you make a respectable display in pastry?" The Dutchman looked puzzled, shook his head and said he had been in this country six years.
"I simply wished to inquire whether

your menu also includes dessert-pastry, confections and the like, you know. "I ton't vas remember me zomedings you vas owe me. Shon zay you vas vant

to bay me." Yes-yes; but I must have information first. Your dinner is tempting and substantial as far as learned. Do you give a man potatoes and cabbage with his soup and meats?" "Yaw-dey vas in der zoup, und zoom garrots," and the Dutchman

smacked his lips and made a move toward the kitchen. "Hold on—just another minute, please. About the wind-up, now. Do you give a man a dash of pie, pudding.

raisins, nuts, ice-cream or anything of that sort to finish up with?"
"Nix—nod mosch. Dis vas nod a Cran countels for all dem stdyle und 6RA proke a mans up a'ready. wou was vant zoom tinn OF CLOT oud mit less

ton't val to the their order dimes dese voelishness unt all to cab mit a loonagadicks like you vas, and dat's de kint of a man vot I be."

"You geet no drust in dese hause.

De durrems vas de miney bevorehand you geet zomedings."

"You are a base rand, sir, and an impostor!" said the off gestleman bending his stern eye upof the fidgety landlord. "I walked inhere under the im-

pression that you were a man far above the sordid inthrallment of mercenary gain. In short, sir, I labored under the delusion that you were a humaultarian of expanded ideas and philanthropic motives most commendable, and it was ny intention, sir, to testify in a few fitting words the approbation and high esteem in which your benevolent inten-tions were held by the public of this great city, and add thereto my own personal sanction, with whatever indi-vidual criticism and suggestion I might consider of value to you, after testing by actual experiment the effect of your heap dinner upon a healthy organization, in response to the gratuitous tender of the hospitalities of the place I had reason to expect from you as soon have to saw it, and no pie. I say bah! again, sir. Your caravansary is simply a one-horse, clap-trap, catch-penny, dis-ease-breeding pest-house, and I shall re-pair at once to the Board of Health, sir, and you'll find out rather suddenly

to have it suppressed. And the gentleman hurried out with a flushed face and a glowering brow, while the Dutchman leaned against his counter in utter amazement and said to

whether or not I have influence enough

his assistant:
"Mine cot! Henery, but dot man vas talk bolitics like it vas legsbun tay goom do-morrow, a'ready, but he ton't vas geet zoomdings in dese hause mitout de gash. I ton't vas giff avay cold wittles-nb zur, dey go in de zoup.

Captured by Savages in South Africa.

[Natal Mercury.] When Mr. Acutt saw that he should be shot if he made further resistance, he gave up his arms to the leader, and Johnny did likewise. Then the people, hundreds in number, rushed pell-mell into the house and seized everything they could lay their hands upon. Some put on his clothes in all haste; the women took his waistcoats, putting them on hind before and buttoning them up the back. A man made a desperate effort to get into a pair of Mr. Acutt's ridingbreeches. He succeeded by dint of frau-tic jumps and shakes; but having once fairly incased himself, the brute was unable to move, and Mr. Acutt left him on the ground making fruitless efforts to extricate his nether limbs. Another appropriated a brush and comb, sticking on each side of his head; a third at he concluded to be pontac. This man shortly fell asleep, and continued to sleep. He never woke. Every con-ceivable article, apparel, furniture and utensils in Mr. Acutt's house was looted by the Caffres and Griquas before his had been entirely completed, and M7. Acutt and his companion had been tant. Mr. Acutt's stock, consisting of two horses, forty head of cattle and

same time driven off. When they arrived at camp/there were debates among the rebels as to the fate of the prisoners. Mr. Acutt, understanding sufficiently both Griqua Dutch and the Ponda dialect, wis enabled to catch what passed. The Pondas wished the prisoners to be giren up to them, declining to act further unless their request was complied with, they wishing to have the novel satisfiction of assassinating a white man. An alarm was given that a body of Noksad police was approaching, and Smith Palmer led his men to meet them, leaving orders to shoot Mr. Acutt and his conpanion the moment an engagement commenced. Happily the approaching per y proved to be Griquas and not polce. During the night, when the camp was quiet, Smith Palmer, the leader came to the prisoners. He told Mr. Acutt he regretted what had occurred, but he could not prevent it. He had to quarrel with the Natal people. He new Mr. Acutt to be a Natal man. Captain Blyth and the Cape Government were the cause of the disturbance.

Mr. Acutt and his companion young, and had done no harpe Griquas; he did no wish die, and he would recase My Johnny. Calling nem the came by the rebel Command-placed by the rebel Command-ant. he had ordered and fairly seen to relieved men (Griquas) into Jonny to "run." They did run and some tirty miles, and arrived at a farm-house par Stafford's next morning. They has the satisfaction of finding They ha, the satisfaction of inding that by saling a mountain of the Ingeli range, instead of skirting it by the "neck' they had passed a party of rebels waylaying the road. At Stafford', the fugitives procured horses and rode of Harding. Mr. Harold Acutt, a young colonist—we believe he is under twaty-two—never once lost his presence of mind, never flinched or gave away, even when certain death at the hands savages such as the Pondas seemed stare him in the face.

THE Berlin police have found it necessary, in consequence of Dr. Nobeling's discharge of bird-shot at the Emperor, to prohibit the performance of "Julius Casar" in that city, and even Schiller's degree incommode themselves. As an "William Tell" has been withdrawn instance of their want of gallantry, I saw from the Royal Theater.

New Hampshire Legislature allowing towns that do not want to have lager beer retailed to vote to prohibit it. Elsewhere it can be sold, as the Supreme Court of the State has decreed it not to be intoxicating.

The Famine in China — The Most Fearful Calamity on Record— Cities Fairly Depopulated.

ghal Correspondence of the London Times. The famine seems now to be at its worst. The impoverished country consists of the greater part of the Province of Shansi, parts of southwestern Chili, Western Shantung, and the northern districts of Honan, comprising an area variously estimated at from 70,000 to 100,000 square miles. The greatest dis tress is in the southern half of Shansi, including the provincial capital, Tai Yuen, the population of which, unless rain comes at once, bids fair to become absolutely extinct. In its horrible details, as given by all witnesses, foreign and native, official and missionary, it is as you understood my mission. But I the direct calamity that this or any counfind, sir, that I have been most grossly try has been visited with. The sturdy deluded, and the unbounded confider ce inspired by your lying and brazen placard sadly misplaced, sir—aye, infernally sold, is too mild a term. You advertise a dinner for twenty cents. A dinner, sir, as understood by seciety, means a repast in stood by seciety, means a repast in tion, but the actual state of things in a courses, beginning with soup and ending in pastry and other delicacies. You Shanghai. In the Pekin Gazette of the give nothing of the kin !—there is not even the smell of a pie in your establishment, but I'll tell you what you do and Yuan, Special High Commissioner lishment, but I'll tell you what you do give. You give indigestion, dyspepsia, bad breath, nightmare, horrid dreams, and everything else that tends to make life miserable by raising the very old Nick in a man's stomach. Cabbage and onions! Bah! Meat so tough that you have to saw it, and no pie. I say bah! men as they read it that it is no sensational picture to move the tears of emo-tional subscribers, but a calm descrip-tion of the state of the province by its responsible rulers in the language of Blue-book. "The drought with which the province

> cession has resulted in a famine of an in-tensity and extent hitherto unheard of. As autumn advanced into winter the number of those in need of relief in creased dai y, until at last they could be counted by millions. The lower classes were the first to be affected, and they soon disappeared or dispersed in search of subsistence elsewhere. Now the famine has attacked the well-to do and the wealthy, who find themselves reduced to greater misery as each day goes by, and they, in their turn, are dying off or following those who have migrated elsewhere. In the earlier period of distress the living fed upon the bodies of the dead, next, the strong deveured the weak, and now the general destitution has arrived at such a climax that men devour those of their own flesh and blood. History contains no record of so terrible and distressing a state of things, and if prompt measures of relief be not instituted the whole region must become depopulated. Local sources of supply are entirely exhausted; the grainaries are empty and the Treasury drained dry while the few wealthy people in the provinces have helped with contribu-tions and loans till they themselves are impoverished."

This dreadful picture is fully borne out by the letters received in Shanghai from the foreign missionaries in Shansi. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Shansi, tacked the drug-store and drank off a Mgr. Monagatta, who is a resident in bottle of laudanum, which, by the color, Tai Yuen, the capital of the province, writes from that city, under date of 24th of March, to the Procureur des Lazaristes here, acknowledging the receipt of ten thousand talers for distribution. He

says:
"Jusqu a precent l'on se contentait de eyes. They made him doff his hat, and handed an old one in its place. Mr. maintenant l'on tue aussi les vivanta oour les manger. Le mari mange femme, les parents mangent leurs fils et leurs filles et a leur tour les enfants mangent leurs parents comme l'on entend

dire presque chaque jour."
In the Prefecture in which the capital tightly bound, they were marched off to the camp, some ten or twelve miles disdiminished from over 1,000,000 to 160,-000, and the Chinese newspapers here give the number of people who have some two hundred sheep, were at the died of starvation, or met the awful fate just recorded, as over 5,000,000.

French Forests.

Paris Correspondence Baltimore Sun. In France what is called a "forest," yould in America be styled a "clump of trees." But mark the difference of re-In France woodlands are highly sults. prized, though she imports some 3,000. 000 francs' worth of timber per annum. Exclusive of fire purposes she uses 9,500,000 meters of wood every year for works of industry and art. 30,000,000 of acres of land are devoted to timber, of which 6,000,000 belong to the State. If we in America esteemed wood as prudently as the people of France, better results would arise. The timber lands of America offer an important theme, well worth studying. Today I have been looking at trees of small dimensions growing under a treatment of artificial coloring. Ash is stained so that it grows up like satin wood, and pine becomes similar to rosewood. Indeed, this commanding of nature by science in this respect is very interesting and strongly suggestive of the

French mind. Resin and turpentine, coming chiefly from the maritime pine of the South of France, are very important products of Johnny. Calling nem to blow im, this country and divide the competition of our Carolinas and Georgia. A pine charge of "Mary mard." They passed in France yields till it is sixty or the cam are relieving men being seventy years old and produces gum in the "boxes" much more profusely and profitably than I have seen in North Carolina. Distilling is done at a saving of some thirty per cent. over the Ameri-Jonny to "run." They did run and can process, as there is no extravagance walk to whole night through, covering or waste of any kind. From the moment the tree is stripped or "axed" to the time the re-in and turpentine are barreled economy and system are prevailing powers. I have seen in the Carolinas as much improvidence in a day as would drive a French pine planter mad in a month.

French Gallantry. Paris Correspondence Cleveland Herald.

The French abuse horses with more inhumanity than a Southern negro treats a mule. They will take off their hats to you with a grace that has never been imported to our shores, and pass the compliments of the day in language and style that is the very poetry of polite intercourse; but they will allow a woman to faint before they will offer her seat in a street car, or in the slightest a lady drop her parasol from a cab while driving on the Boulevard, between the Madelaine and the Champ Elysee. The Boulevard was crowded and muddy from recent rains. Not a Frenchman pretended to pick it up for her; she did not seem to expect it. She might have held the reins of the two quiet horses while the driver would recover the parasol, but she was a French woman and knew that the driver was not paid for that. She took in the situation at a glance, was equal to the emergency and the civilization—she got down in the mud and helped herself.

THE most serviceable seaside suit is

BY MARIE LE BARON. Out of my chamber's gloom, Into the clover bloom.
Thou, little blossom, hast borne me to-lay; Over an accan wide, Really glorified, Drifting, in memory, to childhood away.

CLOVER.

Wavelets of red and white, Chasing the winds in flight, Send up a spray of performe on the air; And, over crest of these Murmur the drawsy boss, Sucking the aweets from the honey-cups isir.

Solily the billows break
Where flowering hedges make
Long sylvan shores of bright emenald glow;
Ant, like a fleet affect—
Each winged fly a beat—
Over the field insects conclusily go.

Into this flower wave,
Humbly my soul to lave,
Spring t with joy, as in glad days of yore
Purfied as a child
Simple and audefiled,
Ocean of God, O baptize me once more!

Out of pure heart of thine Breathe up a prayer divine; Let soul of my past place to heaven for me O beautiful clover, Bloom over and over;
I know then wilt billow a heavenly sea.

— Wathington Capital.

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

SATURDAY is becoming the fashionable day of the week for weddings.

What man must have his glass before he can do a day's work? A glazier. Two twin brothers are said to be somuch alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it. WHEN Adam was helf through naming his descendants, he got tired, and said, "Let's quit, and call the rest Smith."

AGRICULTURAL grum' lers say we are not going to have any corn this year. What will we do for ten-year-old whisky?

has been visited for several years in suc-In selecting colors for the various apartments of your hou e, avoid a brown study. As for the library, it should always be red.

MEDICAL examination: "What is there besides ether and chloroform to produce unconsciousness?" Visiting ooy-"A club."

A JUDGE in Henderson, Ky., sits on the bench with his legs thrown over the desk in front of him, and a lighted cigar in his mouth. Four things are grievously empty: head without brains, a wit without

judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money. OLD bachelors and old maids, though not always happy themselves, have been generous in refraining from bringing

misery to their fellows. How sturdily English was the declaration of Cobbett: "I speak not only so that I can be understood, but so that I can not be misuaderstood.

A NEVADA confirmed bachelor says that he cannot have inherited his dislike for matrimony, for his father and mother were both married. A WYOMING man won ten dollars in a wager by eating twenty pig's feet, and some folks think he earned every cent of

the money. - Breakfast Table. Ms. Ross says it has cost him eighty thousand dollars to find his lost Charlie. A good many men would gladly lose all their boys for half the money.

Mrs. Janks has had her portrait published in Harper's Weekly. The hat is decidedly damaging to her testimony. Seven years benind the times, if a day. Jack and Gill went up the hill,
To get a pall of water:
Jack fell down and smastled his bat,
And Gill went rumbling into an

SPEAKING of dancing, a clergyman hits the nail on the head with the remark that "people usually do more harm with their tongues than with their

toes." LEAVE your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astoni-hing how few of them, by that time, will require answering.

WISDOM is an acquisition purchased in proportion to the disappointments which our frailties have entailed upon us; for few are taught by the sufferings of others.

A BOOK so small as to require the aid of a microscope to read it is to be ex-hibited at the Paris Exposition. A catalogue, most likely, of the honest hack-drivers.

As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man either so great or so little but he is yet capable of giving and of receiving benefits. ONE great secret of domestic enjoy-

ment is too much overlooked-that of bringing our wants down to our circumstances, instead of toiling to bring our circumstances up to our wants. In li-tening to some men's conversa-tion we fancy three marks of admira-tion at the end of each sentence, as

hieroglyphics of the admiration of the speakers at their own cleverness. THERE are some sad things in this ife. The editor of the Barton (Vt.) Monitor, who sided in securing the pas-sage of the fish and game law, was fined

ten dollars and costs the other day for violation of the act. EPITAPH on a tombstone in South Carolina: "Here is the body of Robert Gordin, mouth almighty and teeth accordin'; stranger, tread lightly over this wonder; if he opens his mouth you

are gone, by thunder." THE President's melancholy and general indifference to consequence seems to be communicating itself to the other members of his household with saddening rapidity. Webb Hayes is about to be married.—Breakjast Table.

THE reduction of the price of luger beer in Cincinnati to three cents a gines inspires a member of the Chicago Co mon Council to remark: "It spoils the fun of competition when one of takes a mean advantage of another."

" BRYANT never chewed plug tobac smoked five-cent cigars, or wrote with a cedar pencil." And in this respect we resemble Bryant to a very considerable extent; but when it came to writing poetry Mr. B. had the "bulge" on us-If we may be permitted to quote one at the old Greek scholars. — Norristona Herald.

Good name for a lady lawyer-Suc.-

Rome Sentinal. For a female gambler-Pot - Ballston Democrat. For a female shoemaker—Peg.—M. Simeon. For a female messenger—Carrie.—N. Y. News.
For a female compositor—Em.—Torch.
For a female soluter—Sally. Pass 'er round. The doctors of divinity are reminding the doctors of science that it will not do

to be too certain; that "the principle of gravitation is still guess-work," and that "nothing in the universe of matter is anything but a matter of opinion."

Bottane water occasionally poured on pavements will keep the bricks red and cill the grass.